POOR MIKE MAHONE.

The Story of an Unknown and Unrewarded Hero.

BY NAPOLEON B. WASHINGTON, M. C.

[Written for The National Tribune.] No man is a hero to his valet; but my valet enlisting. I was kept with the General. is a hero to me. He is more-he has been

everything. September 19, 1862, Gen. Rosecrans attacked the Confederates under Gen. Price at Inka, Miss., and fought them hard. He had the two divisions of Hamilton and Stanley-10,000 men; Gen. Price had 20,000. It had been arranged by and between Gens. Rosecrans and Grant, that the former should move upon the Confederate position from Jacinto and the south, while Gen. Grant and Gen. Ord, with an army of 25,000, should come from Corinth and the west and north; and between the two jaws of a trap the Confederates were to be crushed. But only the Rosecrans jaw worked; the Grant and Ord jaw hung by a hinge.

It was not believed that Rosecrans would do much fighting; the weight of the conflict, it was planned, was to fall on Grant and Ord. But as soon as Rosecrans came up and began skirmishing, the Confederates fell upon him and forced him to fight fast and hard from 3 o'clock in the afternoon till 9 at night, to save being overwhelmed and driven from the field. The contest was stubborn, fierce and (considering the numbers engaged) very bloody. Grant and Ord lay at Burnsville, seven miles to the west, but never moved up, as agreed. It was declared that neither of them heard the pounding of the cannon and the roaring of the musketry, "owing to the contrary direction of the wind." But Rosecrans held his own, the Confederates retreated during the night, and the next morning Grant and Ord came up. This much is written history. Now for the unwritten part, and a touch, incidentally, upon the unknown and unrewarded heroes and heroines of the old war days.

Dave Barelay and myself were comrades in this luka fight-both of us private soldiers in a Missouri regiment, which was in reserve immediately in the rear of the 10th Ohio battimes, and around which, after the fight was over, the dead of both armies was fairly piled. crest of a hill, where the battery stood and the gravelly and brambly.

sent at the battery and its immediate defend- both so bad-O, so bad!" ers, but could not strike back because of a thin line of our own men intervening. All soldiers know how trying such a situation is.

We caught Dean up in a blanket (he was a these attentions were. that "hell-hole," as Dave called it.

peace evermore. We composed the poor boy's limbs, and then the bespital attendants turned us away. We walked off, the tears washing our faces and our hearts beating violently. The lions of the battie were still roaring and tearing.

When we came in view of that "hell-hole" both of us instinctively faitered and stopped. I pretended to fix my shoe. Dave caught at the idea and pretended to fix his shoe. I rose up and signed, and then looked at the field. Then I

"Sighed and looked, sighed and looked, And sighed again."

each other's pullid faces a moment, and Dave "I don't think the regiment is now where

we left it-do you? I said: "Oh, no; I have no idea it is.

couldn't stand it there this long." Dave said: "Yes, the General has had some ment to take the place of ours. Where do you

think ours is now?" he added. I replied very promptly, answering the one in a direction directly away from the locality where we had left the regiment-and a mile

Said Dave, readily: "Yes, of course; and, like as not, it has gone over there to flank

"Come on, then," I said determinedly, "let us join it at once. It is our duty to stand by our comrades at all hazards and under all vicissitudes," and I ducked my head to avoid a stray humming minie. Dave looked queerly at me and replied:

"That's no slouch of a speech for you to get off, even on an occasion like this. The sentiment does you credit, really!" There was so much of sarcasm and irony in his remarks that it was impossible to charac-

terize them properly. We were trotting along toward cover when I again spoke: "I'm not afraid; are you, Dave?"

"Oh, no! Of course not. Ain't I on my way to join my comrades in the thickest of the fray. Afraid? The idea!"

"I am glad of it," I returned. "I am glad I min't airaid, either. But, if some persons should But, thank heaven, we are both too strong this while." And bear it he did. Union boys to descrt the flag now, when-

cavalryman, sitting his horse finely He had

"Arrah, now, an' fwhere are yez goin'?" Dave stopped to fix his shoe again, and I | resigning a year later to eng d: "Just right over there," waving my hand in the direction of the good thick timber

so near and so dear just then. "Well, jist 'right over there' [with such a withering sneer! | begorrsh, git back agin, an' | go jist right over there!" And he pointed into

that horrible old field. "But we want to get to our regiment-the -th Missouri," Dave remonstrated. "Well, the - th Mizzoorie is there, an' has been there, an' I'm here to sind back to it all

of its min that's tryin' to run; so go an nowgo an-go an-get out o' this," and he displayed his revolver and urged his horse upon us at every command he gave. I said to Dave, hurriedly: "He seems to be

an ill-bred person and, like many of his countrymen, addicted to drink-probably intoxicated now; we can have no controversy with him, let us go"-and we were going before I had finished!

Each kept his thoughts to himself as we retreated in the direction of our command. When we reached the company the fight was ful, and oblivious." as hot and the bullets as thick as ever. The Captain greated us admiringly, saving we were "brave boys" to return so soon and under such circumstances. [He didn't know all the circome back yet," he added; "full-grown men,

After the fight an investigation showed that 48 mes had left the regiment, bearing off the wounded, and we were the only two that had returned under fire. The others had probably

gone "just right over there!" We were profusely and effusively complimented by all the regiment for our "nerve" and "remarkable coolness," which the Colonel anid was "searcely to be expected from soldiers of your age and experience." He had seen us as we came trotting across the field on our return to the "hell-hole" through the fierce storm of bullets and shells, but he had not seen our interview with the Irish dragoon!

MIKE'S PURLOUGH DISAPPROVED. A few days afterward an order came from Con. Grant to the Colonel of each regiment in !

our brigade directing him to select two men from the ranks, who had especially distinguished themselves and were worthy in all other respects, for promotion. Our Colonel sent for Dave and me, and informed us that we were selected for this distinction. The order. The Capture of Roanoke Island --- A as read on dress parade, declared that this was

especially because of our "bravery and con-spicuous galiantry at luka." The drums rolled and the men were allowed to clap their hands. We were duly commissioned as First Lieutenants and assigned to staff duty Reporting to Gen. McGuffin, Dave was detailed for topographical and engineer work, as he was a good engineer and had graduated as C. E. just before The first day at Headquarters, I saw, among

the orderlies, the veritable cavalryman that had caused my promotion! I was alarmed, but cantiously approaching him, I found he did not recognize me in my smart new uniform and with my newly-assumed airs and style. I was mightily relieved The dragoon's name was Michael Mahone; age, 25; single; occupation, a jockey; read and write he could not; habits, moderately temperate. He was popular with his comrades, and off duty was rollicking and joily.

With the start I had, honors were thrust thick upon me. Before long I was a Captain and an Assistant Adjutant-General. I obtained a leave of absence that Winter, desiring to have a brief good time before active operations began in the Spring. The same mail that brought my application for leave marked "approved" brought a large envelope inscribed: "Application for furlough. Private M. Mahone, --Ill. Cav. Disapproved." As I was walking to my quarters I met this man, a letter in his hand. Saluting me respectfully, "Av ye plaze, Captin," he said, "here's a letther, an' Dan Ryan can't rade it jist right, an' I know ye can, an' wud ve mind to do it? It's important bizness, sor, for ye see | with a blush and a gleam] it's from me thrue love!" The composition was bad; the penmanship

worse. It read: Yer mother gits that weak she cant sett up anour atine, but shese asy in her mine an toks of you and thinks, if ye cud cum to see her jist the wance, she could die contint, for die she must, an ye cud fite the harder when ye git back. I think it ure foll you donnt cum. Ime sure ye have another gurl for yer swetchart by this time and dont ever care for the likes of me any longer. I curse the day ye went for a sojer, God bless ye! I hope you wil be happy with her or without her.

truly yur frend KATEY O'BRIEN. I answered the letter for Mike and explained matters as best I could. He described the sittery, which was captured and recaptured four nation to me at his home, which was in Chicago. His sweetheart, Kitty O'Brien, had given up her place as a domestic to care for his Our regiment lay along a slope, just under the | invalid mother, who for many months had subsisted entirely on Mike's small pay. "There's flercost fighting was. We were in an old field, not much doin' now," he said to me; "I think they might lave me go to see thim; but it's no Hot as Tophet it was there! We caught use frettin', I suppose, an' I'll stay as contint nearly all the balls and shells that the rebels as I can. Though I could wish to see them

My arrival at home was noticed by the local papers, with sandry comments on the "brilliant record" I had made. A party was given At last an infernal machine, called a bomb- by a rich relative in honor of his "gallant shell, exploded fairly in the ranks of my com- young nephew." Of course I was the lion of pany, tore three men's legs off, and wounded the occasion, and the compliments and flattery eight others - volunteers to carry off the I received were enough to make me silly, - and wounded, only two to the man! The Captain | miserable, too, I must confess. For, as a vision looked dubiously at Dave and me as he said, of Mike Mahone and his dying mother rose "Can you boys carry off Dean there and come | before me ever and anon, I felt what a miserable frand I was, and how undeserved all

mere boy and we were mere boys) and carried At this party I met and was captivated by him away, our muskets slung on our backs. | the daughter of the distinguished Judge Mor-We were glad of any excuse to get out of ris, rich and proud, and hitherto at such a distance from me in a social position that I was We carried poor Dean to the field hospital, almost a stranger to the family. Edith Morris the white bones in his legs sticking through | was beautiful and accomplished. She was pathe bloody masses of mangled flesh and cloth- | trictic and ambitious, too. Out of a dozen or ing full in my sight-I could not keep my | more marriageable young ladies, by whom I was eyes from them-and his voice murmuring of fairly surrounded, I chose her, the dearest girl his mother, and growing fainter all the while. of all, and before I returned to the army we The surgeon looked at him and turned away, were engaged. Asking her if she could love a and then came the priest—the same who had soldier boy, she replied that I was no longer a administered the sacrament to Gen. Rosecrans | soldier boy, but a hero, a sir knight, and that an hour before—and shrived him, and then she was only too proud—being all unworthy—the spirit of the dear, handsome little fellow to be my lady love! I may say it, in the inpassed above the battle-clouds to where all is | terest of truth, that other girls of her set en. | No one knew whither the troops were bound, vied her!

MIKE'S FAITHFUL HEART. In the rear of Vicksburg my General directed me to take an orderly and ride forward and reconnoiter a particular position. I rode out with Mike Mahone, and we were soon inside we came suddenly upon two Confederate officers, who called out, "Surrender!" A struggle followed. One of the Canfederates (a Capfain) was killed; the other was wounded. had a scratch on my check, and Mike a bullet in his thigh. He covered the surviving officer Dave did the same. Then we gazed into for orders. "Spare him," I said. The Confederate bowed and said: "Though you are much for the body of my friend here, I suppose?"

It seemed that he and a staff officer had been out reconnoitering, too. I hurried him away to sonal feelings towards Gen. Wise to influence our camp. Mike rode behind us without a his action. mercy about him, and has sent another regi- word or a groun because of the wound he had received, severe as it was. As I was about to return my revolver to its holster, I examined it to reload the chambers that I imagined I had he gave me-for both of us were playing a emptied. Not a shot had I fired! Every chamfarce-"Well, I think most likely it is over ber had a cartridge, every nipple a cap. I had Island we see that the outbern and is a marsh sat through the fight, too bewildered to do or and a dense forest. , falf-way up the island. to see anything, so that I was really not a spec- on the west side, we see Fort Bartow. Beyond tator. Mike said he believed I had killed the | we come to Fort Blanchard, and at the upper rebel officer, "for sure the Captain was nigh to end of the island, Fort Huger. Opposite Huhim, and for meself, I was shootin' purty fasht-first at wan, then at another of thim.

made a Major.

Calling to see the brave fellow one day, he showed me another letter he had received from Chicago. It was written by a Sister of Charity, Mike's mother was dead, and-oh, the ers, each carrying one or two guns, in Albeplty and the sorrow of it—Katie O'Brien was dead, too! She had watched and cared for the tions and the gunboats, the Confederate authorpoor widow until the worn-out body had re- ities at Richmond expected that Gen. Wise leased her spirit. Then, because Mike's pay | would prevent a Union fleet from getting past was delayed, and there was no money to be | the island. The ground was so marshy on the had otherwise, Katie had cheerfully spent her | mainland and on the lower part of the island, own savings, and even sold her ring to help it was supposed that no Union army could get buy the coffin and pay for the candles. A month later she, too, died, chiefly of overwork and under-fare. The good Sister wrote . "She passed away peacefully, and a little while before she died she bade me write to you and say she loved you to the last. 'May God bless him see us, they might misconstrue our motives, you words." I could not keep the tears back, but and the Virgin keep him,' were her very know-might think we were trying to keep Mike said, "It's very hard to bear, Captain, from going back into that infernal place again. | dear, but I'll bear it, though, as I've borne it all

I stopped short, and so did Dave; for there, sioned a full Colonel, and led a regiment in the So it went on. After a time I was commisscross our path, was a well-mounted Union | closing scenes of the war. I was mustered out a brevet-Brigadier, "one of the youngest in the a large dragoon revolver in his hand, and he service," it was said. Dave became a Major, and took a commission in the Regular Army, resigning a year later to engage actively in the

I returned home, married Edith Morris, was soon admitted to the bar, and formed a lucrative partnership with her father. I became prominent as a lawyer and politician. I broke a dead-lock, and was nominated by my party for Congress, and elected by a very small majority— less than 50. The papers said my "splendid

war record " saved me. In my seat in the House, one day. I received a letter from Dave, asking me to vote for a liberal appropriation in aid of the harbor improvement at Chicago, and closing. "By the way, an old acquaintance of ours turned up yesterday. You remember that Irish cavalryman at Iuka. [Positively this was the first time either | is what they read:

of us had alluded to him, one to the other.] He is employed in our house now as a porter; applied this morning to the manager, in my presence, for work; manager said, 'All full;' I recognized him, saw that he didn't remember me, and I said, 'Give him a place.' His name is Michael Mahone, and he is industrious, faith- Lynch. It was past 11 o'clock when the Stars Four years ago I had Dave send this man to

me, by the invention of an innocent story that I "needed him." He knew me as the Captain on Gen. McGuffin's staff, and was glad to serve under me again. He was and is still a bachelor. faithful in love as in war. He cares for my matched bays, and is the delight of my children, the admired of all.

Soon after he came to me, I was again nominated for Congress. My opponent was wealthy and popular The fight was again close. A poll of the district by my henchmen showed 25 majority for the opposition. My opponent counted on the Irish vote sure and solid. A week before the election Mike Mahone went to Jonesville, a railroad town, full of Irish laborers, and spent three days and the contents of a demijohn among his countrymen. I carried Jonesville, and my majority in the district

I wonder if there are other "heroes" like me and like Mike Mahone?

"Rough on Rats" clears out Rats, Mice. 15c. | diers at Hatteras Inlet, and one morning when

Brilliant Exploit.

BY "CARLETON." [Written for The National Tribune.] XXXIV.

To the Boys and Girls of the United States: You have already read about the taking of the Confederate forts at Hatteras Inlet, through gain an entrance to Pamlico Sound, and so ! threaten the towns of North Carolina. Look | Fort Bartow. ing at the map, you will see Roanoke Island between Pamlico and Albemarle Sounds. It is about 12 miles in length by two in width. The passage on the cast side is Roanoke Sound, that on the west side Croatan Sound.

IMPORTANCE OF ROANOKE ISLAND. In war, places insignificant in themselves become of great military importance. Corinth in Western Tennessee is only a railroad junetion, but we have already seen how great its importance in connection with the movements of the Union and Confederate armies. In like manner the Island of Roanoke was a place of importance to the Confederates. It is 65 miles south of Norfolk, Va. The Dismal Swamp Canal connects the waters of Albemarle Sound with the waters of Chesapeake Bay. Gen. Wise, who commanded the Confederate troops in North Carolina, said: "It unlocks two sounds, eight rivers, four canals, two railroads, and guards more than four-fifths of Norfolk's supplies of corn, pork and forage."

In January, 1862, the Confederates held Norfolk and its Navy Yard. Gen. Huger was

his master called him Tom did not answer. He had crept away in the darkness, managed to had crept away in the darkness, managed to lines. The SHILOH CAMPAIGN get across the water and into the Union lines. He knew all about Roanoke Island, the forts, the piles and sunken vessels in the sound, and the number of Confederate troops on the island. Last Words from Our Contributors. He knew where there was a landing place-Ashby's Harbor-a little inlet on the west side of the island half way up to Fort Bartow, the troops could land there and save wading through the marshes. He pointed out the place and was of great service.

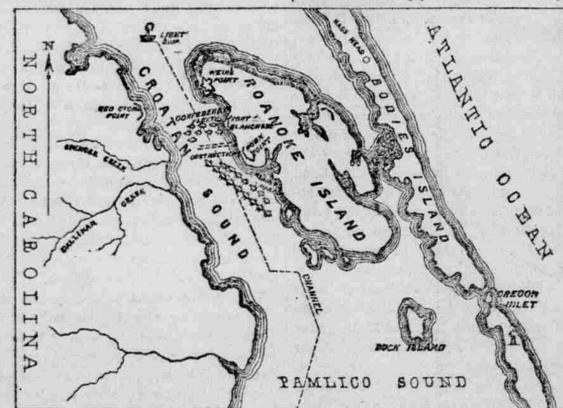
THE TROOPS. Gen. Burnside had three brigades, one commanded by Gen. J. G. Foster, who was in Fort Sumter when the South Carolinians began the war, one commanded by Gen Parke, and one by Gen. Reno. In the woods by Ashby's Harbor were some Confederate troops with their canwhich, it was stated, a Union fleet might | non, but the shells of the gunboats soon sent them upon the run up the narrow road toward

Night sets in. Rain is falling, but the soldiers leap into their boats, reach the marsh, wade knee-deep in mud, and before midnight 10,000 men are on shore. CONFEDERATE TROOPS.

Gen. Wise is at Nag's Head, on the long, narrow strip of sand beach east of Roanoke Sound, He has labored day and night and is down with fever. There are 2,500 Confederate troops on the island, commanded by Col. Shaw. Three hundred of them are behind a breastwork built across the road, a mile from Asbey's Harbor. The Confederates have cut down the trees in front. On each side of the road is a marsh. There are three cannon behind the breastworks planted to sweep the road.

Up the road march the soldiers of Foster's brigade, the 25th Mass, in advance, followed

by the 23d Mass. They come upon the Confederate skirmishers, who fire a volley and then flee to the breastworks. The Confederate cannon open. The howitzers reply. Then the infantry open



PLANNING THE CAPTURE.

Gen. Butler showed the Secretary of War at Washington that a Union fleet could enter Pamlico Sound and with an army of 15,000 men could capture Roanoke Island, which the Confederates had fortified: that the fleet could then enter Albemarle Sound, which would threaten Norfolk; that Huger would have to leave; that all the towns along the waters of the two sounds could be captured. The Secretary of War and Pres. Lincoln thought favorably of the plan, and very soon there were lively times at Fortress Monroe-the arrival of a great fleet of steamers and war ships and the gathering of 15,000 men under Gen. Burnside. Most of the troops were from New England. so well was the secret kept.

CONFEDERATE DEFENSES. Gen. H. A. Wise had been Governor of Virginia before the war. It was he who signed the warrant for the execution of John Brown. He had been a Member of Congress for many the enemy's lines. Pushing through a thicket. | years and wielded at one time great influence. He was a General in the Confederate service and was sent to defeud the North Carolina coast. The Confederate Secretary of War (Mr. Benjamin) and Jefferson Davis had no great love for Gen. Wise, because he was very independent and was in the habit of criticising with his old luks revolver and turned to me their administration of affairs. Gen. Wise called for 10,000 men to defend Roanoke Island. Mr. Benjamin told him that he must get the my inferior in rank, I surrender to you as a | men of North Carolina to enlist; but recruits prisoner. I am General Carter. You will care did not come. Gen. Wise bitterly complained that he could get no supplies from the Secretary of War, who, it seems, allowed his per-

PREPARATIONS FOR THE ATTACK. Gen. Wise was sure that the Union fleet and army at Fortress Monroe was bound for North Carolina. A gang of slaves was set to work ger, on the mainland, is Fort Forest. On the east side of the island is another fort, guarding I was a here this time of the entire division. Roanoke Sound. There were 22 heavy cannon Mike was again taken to the hospital. I was in the forts. The water in Croatan Sound was not very deep, and Gen. Wise had a line of piles driven across the sound to stop the Union

war-ships, leaving only the channel open. There were eight small Confederate steampossession of the forts.

THE UNION PLEET.

The water was so shallow that no large vessels could be used. The Union fleet, under draft vessels. Two of the largest carried four guns, two others carried three guns each; most of them had only one gun, but they were all | are good Havanas." large-sized cannon-two of them 100-pounder rifled-guns; none less than 30-pounders.

nearly 100 vessels in all swept out from Fortress Monroe on Sunday, Jan. 11, 1862. None of the opened their sealed orders and found that they | tears roll down his cheeks. were bound for Hatteras Inlet. Fog came on and on Monday, when the vessels were off Cape he cries in bitter anguish. Hatteras, a storm burst upon the fleet, in which six vessels were lost, but only three men

were drowned. Again the newspapers of the Southern States rejoiced and hoped that the whole fleet would go to the bottom of the sea, but one by one the ships reached Hatteras Inlet, crossed the bar and floated in the calm waters of Pamlico Sound.

BOMBARDMENT OF THE FORTS. Not till Feb. 7 was Commodore Goldsborough ready to bombard the Confederate forts. At 10 o'clock the sailors on the gunboats saw a line of signal flags flying at the masthead of the Southfield-the flagship of the fleet. This

"On this day our country expects every man to do his duty." The Stars and Stripes led the way and the other vessels followed. Down from the northern end of the sound

steamed the Confederate fleet under Com. and Stripes sent a shot from its 100-pounder rifled gun spinning towards Fort Bartow. It was the signal for battle. One after another the vessels opened fire, but Com. Lynch's largest vessel, the Curlew, was quickly riddled by solid shot that crashed through her sides. The water was pouring in and the Captain ran her ashere.

A continuous storm of shells rained upon the fort, tossing up clouds of dust, plowing through the embankment, dismounting cannon, cutting down the flag staff, setting the barracks on fire. Through the afternoon the bombardment went on-the fire of the forts growing fainter, the

Behind the gunboats came the transports with the Union troops on board. By the side of Gen. Burnside stood a colored boy, Tom. He was only 20 years old. Rosnoke. He longed for liberty. He knew rous.

fire. The 27th Mass. and the 10th Conn. arrive, and the fight rages more flercely. Gen. Reno's brigade pressed on to take part in the conflict, the 21st Mass., 51st N. Y., 51st Pa. and 9th N. Y. pushing out through the swamp on the left, wading waist deep in water, forming on Foster's right towards Roanoke

Sound. Gen. Parke's brigade pressed on, relieving Gen. | back and be taken prisoners. Foster-the 4th R. I., 8th Conn., the 1st battalion of the 5th R. I., and the 9th N. Y. 'The last was a regiment of Zenaves commanded by Col. Hawkins. The soldiers wore baggy trowsers.

The Confederates had the advantage of position-a very few troops being able to hold the line between the swamps, but the Union troops greatly outnumbered them. The time has come to end the battle. "I should like the privilege of making a

charge," said Maj. Kimball, of the Zouaves. He fought under Gen. Scott in Mexico, and is cool and brave. "You are the man to lead it; go in."

"Zouaves, storm the battery! Forward!"
"Zou! Zou! Zou!" shout the Zouaves. The 10th Conn. cates the enthusiasm, and with a cheer rush on. The 51st N. Y. and the 21st Mass. cannot stand still, but join in the charge. They heed not the volley that bursts upon them. A few soldiers drop, but the line sweeps on-tolls over the embankment. With a hurran they seize the cannon and pour a volley upon the panic-stricken Confederates fleeing up the road, casting aside guns, knapsacks and cartridge-boxes.

AFTER THE BATTLE. The battle is over. The Union troops press on and overtake the Confederates, who give themselves up as prisoners. Three thousand are

captured with 40 heavy cannon. The Confederate gunboats flee towards Eliza very short time the Confederate power had been crushed—the army lost, the naval vessels burned, the forts captured.

Wise, son of the General. When the war began he was editor of a paper in Richmond and Captain of the "Richmond Blues." He had written hard things about "Lincoln's hirelings," as he called the Union troops; had shown his devotion to the Confederacy by fighting bravely to the last. He was mortally wounded and died soon after the battle. His body was tenderly cared for by Gen. Burnside. How strangely things come round. It was war that Gen. Wise, then Governor of Virginia, sat unmoved while a beautiful girl kneeled before him pleading for the life of her father. It

soldiers. Tears rolled down her cheeks, but no moistpre gathered in his eyes.

"Your father has forfeited his life to the law and the law must have its course," he said took up his pen, dipped it in the ink, signed Admiral Goldsborough, consisted of 20 light- the death warrant of Cook and John Brown. Then he took out his eigar-case, turned to one of his officers-" Do you smoke, Colonel? these

But now a flag of truce comes from Gen. Wise begging for the body of his son, and Gen. There were 40 steamships to carry the troop; Burnside courteously complies with the request. In Portsmouth the bells are tolling and a mournful procession winding through the Captains knew whither they were bound till streets. The gray-haired man looks down upon they were out upon the broad ocean, when they the face of his son, takes the cold hand in his;

"He has died for me! he has died for me!" Secretary of War and the personal pique of servations. To our left our men had a game of

and President. THE BLACK COFFIN.

There was a great commotion in Richmond when the people beheld one morning, in the street near Jefferson Davis's house, a black coffin with a rope and a noose at one end, coiled upon it. The police never could discover who placed it there, but it made a great sensation, and Gen. Wise's protest to Congress made so great a commotion that a committee was appointed to

fall on the Secretary of War and Gen. Huger,"

read the report. Gen. Huger might have sent 10,000 men from Portsmouth through the Dismal Swamp Canal to Roanoke Island, but did not. So unpopular was Mr. Benjamin that he had to resign his position as Secretary of War, but Jefferson Davis appointed him Secretary of State, which had the effect of weakening the confidence of the people in the Confederate government.

RELEASING THE PRISONERS. Gen. Buruside did not wish to retain the prisoners he had captured, and so released them upon the condition and oath that they never again would serve against the United States.

[To be continued.]

Do not waste your money and risk injuring

Interesting Points Elucidated.

The completion of the "Shiloh Campaign" has left the writer with quite a number of letters on hand from participants. They are replete with interest for those who have followed the course of the narrative, but owing to the crowded state of our columns we have been compelled to hold them over from week to week until the concluding chapter has gone to press. The best that can now be done with them, therefore, is to select the salient points from the letters, and allow each writer to present his view of the battle at its most critical moment. THE 71ST OHIO.

Dr. J. J. Grover, of Indianapolis, takes Col. Stuart to task for injustice to his regiment in the official report of the latter as printed in THE TRIBUNE. He claims for the 71st Ohio equal credit with the 55th Ill. for repulsing the attack made by Chalmers on the extreme right of the Union line. He says:

We can never forget the fierce two hours' battle that followed-the rebels to gain and we to defend that position! Unsupported on our right, gallantly supported on the left by the 55th III., but with no reserve, no cannon, we for two long hours fought three times our number with stubborn, native valor characteristic of the rank and file of the army on that ill-fated day. It was there that our gallant Lieut.-Col. Kyle received his death-wound, and it was there that many of our bravest and best boys offered up their young lives in defense of their country's flag.

A. J, of Co. K, 41st Ill., writes an interesting letter full of praise of the gallantry of that regiment. He closes his letter as follows: Everywhere was heard the praise of the 41st. A Colonel, rallying his men on the first day, addressed them as follows: "Men, look at that little 41st Ill God bless them! They have fought all day, and are at it yet. See if we cannot follow their ex-

THE 14TH ILLINOIS. S. S. Price writes us from across the Continent, in Santa Barbara Co., Cal., that he has been greatly interested in reading the "Shiloh Cam-

paign." He says: Col. Veatch's report of the onslaught upon the 14th Iil, and 25th Ind, of his brigade on Sunday brings the scene vividly before my mind, as at that point I received a musket ball in the joint of the right shoulder, which, passing out through the scapula of the left, disabled me from getting off the field until picked up by some of Buell's men Monday evening.

тне 77тн онго. Eli B. Dawson comes gallantly forward in defense of that regiment. He says the 77th occupied a position on the right of the brigade. A ravine in front, heavily wooded, obscured the view to the front. He writes:

The 77th was not in line of battle more than five minutes before the rebels opened fire on us. We could not see them for the heavy brush in our front. At the first volley we had three men killed in my company (E) and several wounded. There was a rebel battery on a hill in our front firing over us at a battery on the hill in our rear, near Shiloh Church. Mr. Beach, of the 17th Ill., says: "The 77th fired one volley and ran." I think the 77th Ohio lost fully as many men killed and wounded as the 17th Ill., and I claim that the 77th and 57th Ohio held their ground on the first lines of battle at Shiloh as long as any of the regiments did. R. B. Griggs, of the same regiment, says:

I beg leave to say to J. W. Beach that he is clear off of his base. The 53d gave way long before the 77th. If the 53d could have held its position the 77th would not have had to fall back. The 5ki was in advance and to the left of the 77th about 200 yards, and when the 53d gave way the rebels came on our left flank, and we were compelled to fall

A. S. Winchester, Co. B, 39th Ohio, Oakland, Cal., comes to the defense of the 77th Ohio with a statement of its losses at Shiloh, taken from the Home News, published at Marietta, Ohio, where the regiment was raised, namely, 42 killed, 115 wounded, and 69 missing, which feet in diameter, and pressed guards from among agrees closely with the official reports. He says the stragglers, who were only too giad to have an excuse to be there, and to our short Lieutenant

Capts. A. W. McCormick and A. Chandler and something more than 15 of the missing were wounded and several killed, an account of the death of which I know was published afterwards. The loss was an extremely large one for a green regiment, and if they lost so heavily while running, will somebody please figure up the losses of some of the regiments that did not run?

THE 2D KENTUCKY. F. R. French writes from Catlettsburg, Ky.,

The important feature to my own regiment of the second day's fight was the capture of 20 prisoners and the charge of a battery late in the evening to the left of Shiloh Church, in which we took, with the aid of another regiment unknown to me. two pieces of cannon and turned them upon the ficeing enemy, giving them one charge that they had prepared for us. Your correspondent had the pleasure of being one that helped handle the gun.

THE 53D ILLINOIS. John Yarnell, a Sergeant in the 53d Ill., is responsible for the following yarn: Perhaps the last charge made at the battle of Shiloh was that upon the 53d III. This regiment was just from Chicago, full 1,000 strong, with knapsacks the size of cracker-boxes, and, fortunately for themselves and the rebel army, did not get into line of battle until the latter was in full retreat. As abeth City, followed by the Union fleet. The | it was cold and wet, the boys could see no neces-Confederate vessels are quickly destroyed. In sity of standing and shivering in line of battle, so many of them scattered around the fire near by to warm themselves, but just as their wet clothes began to steam Gen. Nelson, with his horse at full speed, charged in upon the left of the regiment Among the Confederate wounded was Capt. and rode its full length, shouted for the Colonel, Vise, son of the General. When the war behell commands this mob! " The volley of oaths that followed did not kill any one, and the regiment was soon in line and straight as a picketsence. The regiment was an excellent one; veter-

anized and staid in the field to the end of the war. THE 36TH INDIANA. Nathan Nicholson has a vivid recollection of the "work done" by his regiment on Sunday evening. This regiment was the first of Buell's troops to cross the river, where it took position but a little while before the breaking out of the in rear of the batteries and assisted in repulsing the final attack. He says:

I think we did good work. Col. Grose made us fore him pleading for the life of her father. It aspecch that evening. He told us to "keep cool, was the daughter of Cook, one of John Brown's not to get excited or disgrace ourselves, but to remember our flag and country." So the 20th had a good start, and kept it up through the war.

тив 46тн оню. J. W. Clemson, of Crawfordsville, Ind., referting to the action of McDowell's brigade after it had fallen back to the Purdy road, says: We had the hottest hand-to-hand fight of the We lost our first man (wounded) long before we day. As we were marching by the right flank, we reached this point, shot through the leg with a could plainly see the enemy. They had the Stars stray ball, in the woods northeast of the church and Stripes floating over them, and we thought | near the camp of Col. Marsh's brigade. After the them our men; but on coming as close as 200 feet first round or two we fell back eight or ten rods of them they pulled down the U.S. flag and shot and formed a new line and repulsed all attempts on up their nasty rag of secession. At that place we our line. lost a good many men. I was over that part of the field the next day, and counted 304 dead robels.

THE 48TH ILLINOIS. George W. Kneipp writes:

About 4 o'clock p. m. word passed along the line that we must whip the enemy right there, as it was the last stand between there and the river. Here is where I first saw Gen. Sherman. He was His son has fallen; disaster has come to the hand done up in a silk handkerchief. I have seen Confederacy through the incompetency of the him many times since on the front line taking ob-Jefferson Davis. He dictates a protest to the Confederate Congress, consuring the Secretary and President prisoners' base over a battery, which changed hands half dozen times or more, each side rallying and retaking it till dark. I believe our men kept the guns.

> THE 16TH WISCONSIN. T. G. Boss, of Sherburne, Chenango Co., N. Y., writes an intelligent account of the opening gups at Shiloh.

may have been left of the other companies, our steps quickened by the increasing rattle of musketry, and the nerves steadied by the boom of cannon. As we halted and dressed up four men came bearing a bleeding body to the rear. It was investigate affairs and see who was to blame for the disasters that had come to the Confederacy in North Carolina and in the West.

"If blame attaches to any one it ought to log buildings, where was a rebel battery blazing away; to our right, and quite a little in advance, was Col. Moore's command, alternately pressing up toward the battery and falling back. When we had formed the men in line Capt. Patch ordered us to move down to line with the Missourians. As we advanced a hardly-discernable line of butternut | and followed the fortunes of the day. Stragglers skirmishers opened on us from behind trees. Capt Pacch deployed his command by the left as skirmishers at short distance, and pressed them forward. We drove the rebel line rapidly back to the next hollow, and were advancing up the next to the next hollow, and were advancing up the next to the next hollow, and were advancing up the next to the next hollow. the next hollow, and were advancing up the next grade when, from near those buildings, all along our front as far as we could see to the left, raised up from the ground their line of battle well closed up-a grad array.

tions of that regiment has brought letters from Col. Fred S. Hutchinson, Capt. Samuel P. Clark, and Samuel B. Renenaugh-all worthy of pubyour hair by purchasing useless washes or oils, | lication, but owing to lack of space we shall but buy something that has a record—a remedy | be obliged to content ourselves with extracts that everybody knows is reliable. Hall's Hair from that of Col. Hutchinson. The 15th Mich. Renewer will invigorate, strengthen and arrived at Pittsburg Landing on Saturday the beautify the hair, restore its color if faded or | 5th of April, armed with Austrian rifles, cali-He had been a slave of John M. Daniel, of turned gray, and render it soft, silken and lust- ber 54, with no ammunition. Col. Rawlins directed Col. Oliver to send a detail to the front, HUNT'S [Kidney and Liver] REMEDY, and be-"Rough on Toothache," instant relief. 15e. with camp and garrison equipage, to pitch fore I had used two bottles I was entirely Richmond Henshaw, Providence, R. I.

ment would march out. At reveille on the 6th, Col. Oliver moved his regiment to the front, where it took position on the left of the 18th Wis. and near the 18th and 21st Mo. Before leaving the Landing Col. Oliver had made inquiries as to ammunition, and was informed that he would find plenty in the ammunition train at the front. Just as the order was given to stack arms a shell or solid shot came whistling over the heads of the regiment from the right front. An officer came riding in hot

haste, inquiring "What troops are these?" "The 15th Mich., not assigned to any brigade," was the reply Soon came another with the same inquiry, who was informed that the regiment was without ammunition. "You must hold your ground with the bayonet then," was the encouraging response, and the regiment was left standing in line with bayonets fixed. There was heavy firing to their right, but none in the immediate front. An occasional shell came over their heads, and the probability of an immediate engagement, with no means of defense, induced the Colonel, after conference with the commander of the 18th Wis., to withdraw his men half a mile to the rear. Here ammunition of the required caliber was obtained and each man supplied with 60 rounds, when the regiment faced to the front and advanced in line of battle; the heavy firing in that direction giving token of the pressing need of their presence. Forming line when near the front, wounded and stragglers passed through, and forces falling back in or-

F, says: I was not in a position to know much about other organizations. The enemy came on rapidly and in good order. We sent them back three times and they moved off to our left, and there was a luil for some min-utes, when the firing commenced again heavily just to our right. Very soon after firing opened heavily on our left and rear, and straggiers came pouring in upon us from that direction. Col. Oliver changed front to the left and opened fire. Our support was all gone seemingly in that direction. After firing several rounds, and the enemy getting beyond our left flank and firing into the left and rear of the regiment, we were ordered to the rear on double-quick, and run the gauntlet of a heavy fire. Our losses to this time were: Two officers and 31 men killed; one officer and 63 men wounded, with seven reported missing, who were proba-bly killed, as we never heard from them. We formed in line three times after this, the last time on the line of the reserve artillery. That night when Gen. McCook's division was passing, Col. Oliver applied to him for assignment, and we were assigned to Rousseau's brigade of his division, and

der formed on the right and left. Col Hutch-

inson, who was at that time a Sergeant in Co.

was with it the next day, as set forth in Gen. Mc-Cook's official report,

I have always felt that the 15th Mich. has not received the proper credit for conduct at Shiloh. Going into battle without ammunition or assignment or orders, retaining its organization intact throughout the entire day without stampede or straggling, was, at such a time, creditable to it, to

Col. Oliver made a full report of the service of the regiment in that battle. I know, because I copied it myself, and it was forwarded through army channels. Why it did not come to light afterward was and is a mystery to me. I think, however, it was because he saw fit to characterize some things that came under his notice in such terms as failed to suit the "powers that be" (or were). Col. Oliver had had some experience, being appointed Colonel of the 15th, from a captaincy in 4th Mich., and was an outspoken, frank man, generally saying what he thought. The inference is plain to me

THE QUESTION OF SURPRISE. Comrade J. Hinson, Menasha, Wis., writes: The writer was senior Licutenant, and in command of the detachment of the Signal Corps at-tached to Gen. Nelson's division at Shilob, the detachment consisting of four Lieutenants and eight enlisted men. Of the detachment was a Lieu-tenant short of stature but long of language, and doubtless a word "fitty spoken" had many times served him good purpose. Arriving with the General, in advance of the troops, on the bank of the river opposite to where the battle was in progress, the detachment was divided, leaving two officers and four men with the General, and the others crossed the river on a steamboat, reporting to Gen. Buell on the field for orders, which were speedily telegraphed to Gen. Nelson on the other side. Our station was on the high bank of the river, in the midst of the great crowd of strugglers, who troubled us a good deal by getting in our way. To avoid was delegated the duty of keeping the space clear, while the writer sent and received messages. It was while receiving a message that Gens. Grant and Buell rode down to the river to see how Nelson's troops were getting along, and Gen. Buell, either by accident or knowledge of our pres-ence, rode off to one side, while Gen. Grant rode

liberately stopped his horse to take a look across the river, the guards doubtless recognizing the commanding General and offering no protest. Just at this moment our Lieutenant, turning suddenly from another direction, caught sight of a horse and boot-leg, and visions of straggling envalvymen who had already troubled him gathered up before him, and he marched squarely up to the horse, and addressing the boot-leg, said: "Git out of the way, here; ain't you got no sense. Don't you see you're in the way?"
The Commanding General looked down and saw an officer in staff uniform, who seemed, for some reason, very anxious to have him "git out of the way," and apologizing in a very quiet manner, rode over beside Gen. Buell. The Lieutenant,

astonished at the apology, followed the line of vision from the boot-leg upward, and found he had been addressing a Major-General, and for once in

his life he had nothing to say. He admits there was a surprise at Shiloh. S. C. Allen, Co. H, 8th Ill., Fort Dodge, Iowa, upholds the honor of his regiment as follows: I well remember the morning when the first rattle of musketry was heard by our regiment (the 8th Ill.) on the field of Shiloh. Most of the mer were cleaning their muskets and accouterments for inspection, which was to take place at 9 a. m. Two of our men had been excused from inspection and had been gone about an hour, fishing in Owl Creek, and we did not see them again until we returned to camp Monday night. [Smart boys!-En.] think it was after 8 o'clock when we heard the firing. We at first thought it pickets discharging their muskets, but it was too heavy for that, and nearly all of our men were in front of our camp listering to and discussing the firing. While watching we saw a courier coming at full speed from towards Shiloh Church (Sherman's Headquarters) directly to our Brigade Headquarters, when the long roll was beater, by Drum-Major Fay. I don't think there was a shot or shell that came within hearing distance of our brigade until we moved well to the front. Our regiment was under command of Capt, Denison, Co. C, who tursed over the command to Capt Hovey, Co. K, when first under fire, and vanished from our view, and we never saw him again. Our first line was formed on the west side of the field where we were camped, facing Owl Creek. We remained for about half an hour, and then moved by the left flank passing about 80 or 100 rods in the rear of Shiloh Church, and formed our line on a road about one-half or three-quarters of a mile cast of the church. We lay there for nearly an hour before we were under fire, when we lost

THE STH AND ISTH NOT DRIVEN. I see Col. Hare's report says his regiments broke and retired in confusion, and that the 18th Ill, was on the left. I know positively that the 8th was on ceed 12 rods in the rear of their first one; for on the second advance of the Confederates they just reached the place where our first line had been

What became of the 11th and 13th Iowa I do not know, for we saw nothing more of them until Monday night, when they joined on our right, just as we were Sunday morning, clear to the front. After losing the 11th and 13th, Capt. Reed, of the 18th, took command of our two (8th and 18th) regiments, and Capt. Sturgis of our own regiment When we left that position we left without seeing an enemy, and from that time until night, though under fire a good share of the time, there was not We marched to the right until we came to what any of our troops visible to either the right or left

pounders, and Capt. Davis, of the 18th, and Lieut. Bishop, of the 8th, took charge of one piece and fired a few rounds after the retreating foe, and also a few rounds at some of our own cavalry, who The 15TH MICHIGAN.

The interior extended by the writer of "The Shabh Campaign" to any survivor of the 15th Mich, to give an account of the operations of the total and count of the operations of the same around a field from our right and formed in our front. A battery (I think Mendenhall's) followed us when we charged, but did no firing—a good thing probably for our cavalry. We lay here the 15th Mich, to give an account of the operations of the operation of the operations of the operation of the operations of the operation of the operations of the operations of the operation of the operations of the operation of the opera a few minutes, when to our surprise the IIth and 13th Iowa came in and joined us on the right, in the same position they occupied the morning be-fore. In a few minutes we started for camp, arriving there some time after dark and finding it entirely cleaned out, the rebels having occupied it the night before.

I was afflicted with kidney disease, and

[The End.]

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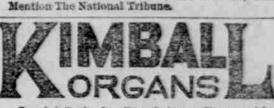
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